

*A Few Thoughts
Expressed in Verse*

BY "GEMMILL"



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**Mrs. John Kirkpatrick
WINNIPEG**

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MRS. JOHN KIRKPATRICK

PREFACE

—:—

As a general rule, a hobby is a medium through which one finds rest and relaxation from one's work. Writing poetry is no exception to this rule. To utilize one's hobby as a means of raising funds for charity, and incidentally to spend many hours of laborious effort in producing a volume such as this, is—I think you will agree—exceptional. This is the author's third volume to be devoted to such a purpose.

We hear so much today about the power of men and machines, of dictators and of armies that we are apt sometimes to forget that there is a Power in the universe, compared to whom these others are as so many grains of sand in the desert. We are so preoccupied with our daily tasks, so intent upon focussing our maximum effort upon the overthrow of a ruthless enemy, that perhaps we lose sight of those finer thoughts, those yearnings for a better understanding of this life that we used to know and feel. And yet, no matter how worthy or how necessary is the goal towards which our every action must for a time be directed, it is good that we stop and ponder these things even for a little while now and then.

Dear Reader, if you are expecting to find within these pages gems of rare literary value, you may be disappointed; but if you are not averse to reading one or two ordinary human observations, based on sincere and honest reflection, then I have no hesitation in commending to you "A Few Thoughts Expressed in Verse," by Gemmill.

J. M. K.



Keep Right with God

"The Spirit of Good in all Things"



Let not your mind confused be,
Nor heart devoid of sympathy,
Nor soul estranged from things above;
But all attuned to God's great love.
Thus shall your sense of living streams
Run clear cool water to your dreams,
And charity in kindness given
Shall be your sweet foretaste of heaven.



This book of poems is dedicated to the gentlemen who
have made possible its publication.



MEET THE MORNING WITH A SMILE

—:—

Come, meet the morning with a smile;
The night has passed away.
Come, greet the morning with a smile;
T'will help you through the day.
I know the road is hard and high,
The burden big to bear;
I know the hardships you must meet,
The sorrow and the care;
But, if with smiles the morn you meet
And to yourself be true,
Be sure some friend a hand will lend
To see you safely through.

AWAKE! CANADA

—:—

O Canada no longer sleep
Whilst heroes sigh and women weep,
Wake from thy lethargy; make haste
To Arms! No precious moments waste,
Thy kith and kin both far and near
Their challenge fling, the foe is here.
From this dark flood of bloody strife
Must flow a clearer way of life.

O British Empire, truly great,
Alone in this dread hour of fate
She stands with unabated zeal
To make her foes her warfare feel.
From far flung fields her mighty hordes
Shall sweep this outrage from our shores,
And clash of steel, hate's iron rod,
Perchance may lead us back to God.

CANADA

—:—

From sea to sea, she solid stands,
An Empire's soul within her hands,
Whose fertile fields of golden grain
Sustain and serve her world-wide fame.
Prim pioneers in oxen carts,
With open minds and merry hearts
To conquer came, and stayed till now.
They cleared their claims with sweated brow
'Til hearth and home established well,
Proud progeny her legends tell.

When knights were bold and dreams came true
Great projects pierced their passage through
Where mountains high and prairies green
United were; and lake and stream,
And rivers wide where ocean's lave
From shore to shore, rich verdure gave.
Her lofty towers and stately halls
Her prestige keeps. And faith recalls
That hidden bowels with bulging veins
Shall yield her wealth while earth remains.

O Canada! Stand firm and free,
Blest home of hope and liberty
Thine honour guard 'gainst friend and foe,
Mighty in war, to anger slow.
If shades of night on earth descend
God's peace be yours unto the end.
United firm in Empire's grasp
Her standards yours; linked with her past
Your star shall shine; e'er sun has set
You'll greater grow and greater yet.

SERVING SISTERS

—:—

"See our sister soldiers marching
In karki and in air-force blue,
Surely they are worthy comrades
Fighting, brother—same as you.
Soon our turn will come to battle,
We must prove our worth to them,
We must share our honour with them,
When and if that honour's due."

"Right you are my gallant stranger,
Have you seen our nurses too?
In their trim and tidy garments
They'll be fighting same as you.
When loud the sounds of distant warfare
Disturb the rows of patients there,
Loving hands will bind the wounded,
Kind hearts all their sorrows share."

"Awhile the stranger eyed the soldier
And, reassured, stretched forth his hand.
We both are British born my friend,
Though I have marched in many a land.
O'er all the British Empire, Daughters
Fight the Union Jack to save,
Deeming death their proud alternate
To living as a German slave."

FROM MY WINDOW

Part I.

—;—

At eventide when shadows all around begin to creep,
From my window I am gleaning simple stories from the street.
To my right—a row of white lights guides my vision—holds it tight,
'Tis the Union Station gleaming on the Main Street—Am I right?

Don't you hear that whistle blowing, list the tread of hurrying feet,
Can't you see the people waiting anxiously their friends to greet;
You can see the merry meeting, Ah! There's tear drops there as well,
You may feel a warmth of welcome as you sense that sad farewell.

I can hear that coloured porter call the people—All aboard!
And the last of waving hands fall as the train steams straight ahead;
I can see the sad one's falter as their footsteps they retrace,
And another whistle blows and the next crowd takes their place.

And the shadows as they deepen, softly woo me back again
To my corner at the window and the gleaming lights of Main;
And my soul responds to nature, seems to sense the come and go,
And if all life is just like that; perhaps it's best that it is so.

FROM MY WINDOW
Part V.

—:—

Again my tryst at twilight I will keep in merry mood,
The sun is still ashining though she's shy behind her hood.
From my corner at the window like a fairy banquet spread
The little houses cuddle in their snow white winter bed.

And all around the great gaunt trees their fitful vigil keeps,
As through the spreading branches the ice-bound river peeps;
The street cars ply and, plying, break the stillness of the scene
But e'en their noise and clatter can't disturb my twilight dream.

Through the open space my senses feel the evening's gentle glow,
As the frozen winter wearies 'neath the melting of the snow,
And the sky, now gray and cloudy, sings a song of hope to me
As my arms reach forth to welcome what is surely going to be.

Spring thou sweetest of all seasons; from my window seat I glean
The story of your coming, what your coming soon will mean.
The earth is all aquiver with the pulse of recreation,
And the air, just like our hearts, is full of loving expectation.

O thou shiest of all maidens, do not loiter; can't you see
The trees, the hedgerows, beasts and birds are raring to be free?
Yet you shyly linger longer 'neath the weight of passing days,
E'er you slip along so slyly with your tantalizing ways.

And I gaze and gaze enraptured at the lovely living scene,
Till my soul responds to nature and the beauty of my dream,
And I raise my eyes to heaven, e'er I rise at dutys call,
To pledge anew my faith in God—Great Giver of it all.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

—:—

O let me dream of days gone by,
My thoughts employ as moments fly.
To see once more the crystal stream
That filtered through the lichen green.
The old school-house with garden fair,
Of blooming roses, poppies rare,
The wallflowers with their fragrance sweet,
The pansies nestling 'neath their feet.
Just let me roam in fancy free,
E'er duty steals this hour from me.

O let me dream of days gone by,
My thoughts employ as moments fly.
When schooldays wore the charm of life,
No thought of evil sin or strife
To hurt the heart or sear the soul,
Nor misdirect us from our goal.
Sweet memories around me cling
Of old sweet songs—the breath of Spring.
Oh, let me climb once more that tree,
E'er duty steals this hour from me.

REMEMBRANCE

—:—

All down the years we hear their voices singing
Songs that bless and burn, yet with us stay
And in our ears those echoes still are ringing,
Though years have passed and this their natal day.
Our sense of loss never can be shaken
Though mellowed by the processes of time;
Glory from their name can ne'er be taken,
Nor honour from their sacrifice so fine.

THE WAYSIDE

—:—

I'm wandering by the wayside, the sun is sinking low,
Soft and softer gleam her shades, the farther on I go.
The bluebells still are smiling to clover at my feet
And daffodils are dancing to make the scene complete.

Along the path the stones grow grey—clouds passing o'er the blue.
Shaping the shades of twilight, scene old yet ever new;
The quiet hush of distant drones that, trembling through the air,
Bring tender thoughts—how lothe I'll be to leave a world so fair.

Some day I'll reach that corner, I'll creep around the bend.
The mystery of living here shall then be at an end.
May heaven hold as rich a prize as earth has won for me.
Till 'yond earth's night the dawn of light with seeing eyes I'll see.

TWEEDSMUIR—IN MEMORIUM

—:—

Great Sire!
Serenely soars thy saintly soul
O'er scenes in life you graced
So well. And now, too soon—
In Death
Though Scotia claims her son, in deep desire
Canadian hearts will weep—Farewell—Beloved Sire.

THE OTHER FELLOW

—:—

Let's try to think about the other fellow
Who's farther down the hill than we have gone,
Remember other minds, grown mild and mellow,
Striving Oft' to figure right from wrong.
Don't let discouragement or failure get you;
Keep going—persevering to the end
Trust in the right, the best to do or die;
You'll find the dawn abreaking round the bend.

Keep step with other fellows who are taking
All the hurts a heart can ever know;
Be bold as some poor fellow, ever shaking
With inward fear to feed the outward show.
Let not your faith in goodness e'er be shaken,
Nor crime deprive you of your honest name;
Let not your soul by sinful act awaken
To cold remorse or memories smeared with shame.

Let's try to think about the other fellow,
Who all our worries has and oftimes more;
Let's realize that thinking of the other
Might ease a pain or heal a bleeding sore.
Aye with dignity pursue our common tasks
No matter how misfortune drags or drives,
That as we do what dally duty asks
Learn to rule and regulate our lives.

UNDERSTANDING

—:—

From out the night it came that perfect voice—sublime
Shrouded in mystic sympathy devoid of state or time
It pleaded so for virtue it sought no high estate,
Only that little things well done might make the simple great.
Out of the night it came, wistful winning mild,
Sad at the thought of suffering—sensitive as a child.
It thrilled my senses, searched my soul,
What had been part was now made whole.

IN LOVING MEMORY

1914—1918

—:—

Once more the flaming torch we raise,
To keep our tryst with those who died
To save for us a nation free.
Mid mighty mood of marching men,
Their spirits meet with us again
To trace a trail, that we might see
Where we can still this hope retain,
Their sacrifice was not in vain.

MY DARLING

—:—

Two tiny feet pattering around all the day,
Two shell-like ears hearing all that I say,
Two dirty dolls that she hugs to her breast,
This is my darling—the one I love best.

Two soft grey eyes oft turn misty blue,
As mischief and laughter come dancing through.
Two rosy cheeks all dimpled and round,
No busier person on earth could be found.

Sweet is the song she warbles at play,
Laughter or crying in tragic dismay,
Loving and hugging perched on my knee,
There's no hour so sweet as her bedtime to me.

Two chubby hands clasped up in the air,
Two pouting lips softly lisping her prayer,
Two tired eyes closed as tight could be,
This is my darling—she's just turned three.

THE DYING YEAR

—:—

The shades are slanting towards the west,
The year has almost run her course,
What have we had our faith to test
In all its days of fight and force?
The land lies bleeding—who shall lead
From out this tortured troubled night;
Who bind its wounds or hungry feed
Or succour serve youth's fearful plight?

Oft softness comes to serve the soul,
The sense of spiritual evidence,
But scenes that sear the blotted scroll
Yield little hope of recompense.
Yet spheres of a supernal power
Still linger here in finer air
And in the silence of this hour,
We know that God will answer prayer.

ECHO'S

—:—

Clouds that are dark and heavy
Are threatening my peace of mind;
My limbs, grown stiff and unsteady,
No longer youth's energies find.
The sound of the struggle around me
Seeps my soul with thoughts that are sad.
Yet my heart with a great faith beating,
Keeps in tune with a song that is glad.

For a store of the memories of living,
When days were all youthful and gay,
The present, its purpose fulfilling,
Chase shadows and sadness away.
In my ears ring the echo's of pleasure.
I've lived in the long yesterday
And naught can diminish the measure,
Of joy that they give me today.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

—:—

The old man sat still in his old corner chair,
Contentment and peace of old age centred there;
The lamp shed a light on his hair white as snow
And shade-softened features with rapture aglow.
The book on his lap lay unopened, unsought,
Of pleasures and treasures of past days he thought;
Sweet memories of passion and love lingered there,
When youth was gallant and all maidens were fair.

The flames from the fire fanned his fancy anew,
They danced and they pranced the higher they grew.
In glow of red embers he lived o'er again;
The days of his youth with their happy refrain.
His thoughts wandered far, e'en to many a hall
Where banquets were spread. And the old garden wall
Where ivy and roses so tenderly met
Came Cupid to conquer—sweethearts they are yet.

The old man sat still in his old easy chair,
Contentment and peace of old age settled there;
The book that had slid from his lap at his feet
His tired eyes had closed, he had fallen to sleep.
The clock chimed the hour as a sweet angel came
With soft steps, wistfully whispering his name.
Arm in arm they went—was it true or a dream?
Forever I'll love to recall this sweet scene.

The glow of the fire, the closed book on his lap,
The tick of the clock—I could grow old like that.

MY SON

—:—

A grey mist hangs o'er the tree tops,
The earth has a mantle of snow;
There's the noiseless hush of the morning,
And the flicker of lights below.
The scene, as it spreads out before me,
Seems all so dreary and sad,
But I dream of the spring just awakening,
And my heart in its purpose is glad.

God sent you to me, my darling,
That the light of love in your eyes
Might shroud the mist and the sadness,
Leaving only the blue summer skies.
The sense of your nearness, my loved one,
Unroots the thoughts that are sad,
Transplanting new hope with the dawning,
Of all that is joyous and glad.

COME TO THE PARK

—:—

Come boys and girls, come babies too,
Ordinary folk, yes, you and you
Come pack your case with dainties rare,
Birds and beasts are waiting there.
Sweet blue-bells are dancing still,
The trees with foliage have their fill,
And pansies prim are peeping through
The sodden earth, to welcome you.

The grass has never greener grown,
Nor flower-beds more beauty shown,
The sun shines forth, in sheer delight
The heaven's view the wonderous sight.
Come, bring along your tennis rack,
Your cricket ball or baseball bat;
Here maidens sweet in gingham gown
With lacy frills all hanging down,
Will melt the heart of every swain
Who saunters forth to play the game.

Dad will wear his don't-dare-it-frown,
Grand-ma her quaint old-fashioned gown;
All will be there, their part to play
On each momentous summer day.
Now banquet cloth is spread around
And dainties rare caress the ground,
More than enough and some to share
With feathered friends who loiter their.

As daylight dies the evening's breeze
Chase shadows creeping through the trees,
And day is done, it's hours well spent,
All make for home in deep content;
If saddened hearts some gladness know,
Or darkened lives some sunshine show,
I fain would bribe my pen to trace
My thanks to God—for such a place.

THE NEW YEAR

—:—

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Let false fears fade and just what's true
Our souls retain. And day by day
Each blessing use in humble guise.
That peace and happiness survive
And all that's best in life portray.

Ring out the old year, face the new
With minds alert and hands to do
The simple things that round us lie.
A hand-shake firm, a word of cheer,
An act of kindness—duty clear—
Shall chase the shadow's from our sky.

Ring out the old ring in the new
Let's count our blessings one by one,
And leave behind the clouded past
To grasp in faith the rising sun.
The dawn of yet another year,
Its gladsome message will be giving—
Its just the little things like these
That make this life of ours worth living.

SOLITUDE



How still it is, no noise disturbs the night,
And in my soul secure in sweet repose,
Soft sense of solitude and thoughts—sublime
To me in tenderest desires disclose.

How still it is, all things around me sleep,
The noiseless hush of dawn creeps o'er the hill,
If I could right the wrong my pride has wrought,
Unsay the unkind words by anger knew,
I'd tear the rancour from my trembling lips
To breathe a prayer of love, dear heart, to you.

How still it is, yet far beyond this peaceful scene
The War-worn world in tragic horror groans,
Fond mothers weep, a lover yearns and moans
Of shattered hope and disillusioned dream.
Yet you, my love, I trust that God will spare
And in your arms once more a lasting peace we'll share.

GOODBYE

—:—

Fair land of dreams, thy lakes and streams
Are fresh and fragrant flowing,
Thy prairies green, most wondrous scene
When summer blooms are glowing.
Thy gardens rare perfume the air,
The sun finds hidden treasure;
As gentle breeze kissing the trees
Entice a rhythmic measure.

I did not know I'd loved you so,
'Till bidding you goodbye.

Goodbye ye few who, tried and true,
Have stood the test of time,
Of friendship pure without allure
To bind your hearts to mine.
In distant spheres mid doubt and fears
My thoughts will often stray
To this fair land where heart and hand
Fond farewell says to-day

I did not know I'd loved you so,
But now—Goodbye—Goodbye.

AUTUMN MORN

—:—

Arise. O Morn.

In radiant tints of rich red, purple, blue and gold
Across the horizon and through the tall gaunt trees.
Such gorgeous beauty let mine eyes behold
As into space my soaring soul in limitless degrees,
Finds perfect peace.

The Morn arose.

The sun bursts forth in all its flaming hour of power,
To burnish Autumn tints on tired and fading falling leaves,
And life seems merged in this triumphant hour
With death, which in a thrice from every thought relieves
The tired mind.

ST. NAZAIRE

1942

—:—

Tryst with me today my loved one,
Through the roar of shot and shell,
I can hear your soft voice saying,
Come back soon to Camberwell.

So tryst with me once more my darling,
Birds of battle scorch the sky,
Yet we'll meet there in the shadows
As we did in days gone by.

PEACE

—:—

O Canada when wars have ceased
And peace once more reigns o'er our lands,
When birds of battle, marching men,
No longer serve our foe's demands;
But spirits from those far flung shores
Renew our nation unto youth,
In wisdom infinite reveal
To us the brotherhood of truth.

THE NEW HAT

—:—

In merry mood I set me out a hat to buy.
I understood without a doubt, but with a sigh,
How fashions change as wistfully I made my plan.

The very hat that I would choose, I sure could tell,
Not high—not flat—in tones of blue I love so well,
It just remains that I must keep my noddle calm.

Yet sitting there in vain, I tried a choice to make,
I was not fair so it was plain that I must take
Not blue or black, so on the rack my purpose ran.

Another lot that poor girl brought, I hotter grew.
With bitter thought, I quite forgot my tones of blue,
The time wore on, three hours had gone, could this be true?

Of course I knew though I would rue, I'd buy a hat.
A Chimney high, a Beehive hing or Pancake flat,
It mattered not, my only thought was that was that.

She tried again—"It looks a dream," she simply said,
I only thought, if I could scream, I'd loose my head,
Yet whispering low "you ought to know," I'll take the hat.

Home, home at last the ordeal past, I'd bought a hat.
With bitter shame, I no one blame—I'm down to that,
What will I do now that I'm through and sitting pat?

Telephone rings, a sweet voice sings, "please send to me
Hats or clothes you're finished with, phone 19 double 3,"
I've done my best—hat with the rest, it's quite alright with me.

LITTLE THINGS

—:—

Little acts of kindness,
Little words of prayer,
Little rays of sunshine,
Shed them everywhere.

Just to smooth the pillow
Of a friend in pain;
Just to trace the rainbow
Shining through the rain.

Just to whisper softly
"Do not worry, dear,"
Or, with gentle fingers,
Wipe away a tear.

Little smiles of welcome,
Little gifts of cheer,
All those little gestures
Bring God and heaven near.

CALVARY

—:—

Between two thieves we see Him nailed there;
Was ever man so tried or less to blame?
At pierced hands and feet we stand and stare,
While tears of blood run from His crown of shame.
His drooping head, His tortured sagging frame
Bespeak the agony He suffered there,
Whilst angels hovered near to ease His pain
And darkness veiled the light we could not share.

No thought of Self, ah no; with dying breath
He prayed for those who'd nailed Him to the tree.
O' unrequitted love, t'were worse than death
To die alone for those He'd lived to free.
Today, with scourge and scorn, men pass Him by,
His sacrifice divine they will not see,
Nor grasp the meaning of His missions cry,
Design of Christian Immortality.

COMPANIONSHIP

—;—

I've a tried and true Companion
I can trust from day to day,
He is sad when I am lonely,
Joys with me when I am gay.
He is such a consolation
When my earthly plans go wrong,
He is there to join the music
In the sweetness of a song.

He gives peace and understanding
As the days go rolling by;
The birds they sing more blithely
'Cause I know that He is nigh.
The flowers they bloom more brightly
Their fragrance is more rare,
And life is full of hope and love
While he is lingering there.

This wonderful Companion
Whom I trust from day to day,
In all the changing scenes of life
He guards and guides my way.
Close to him I travel onward,
Seeking what is good and true,
Reaching forth unto the highest—
God will see my journey through.

CHRISTMAS

—:—

Look! Once more the heaven's are opening.
Listen to that heavenly choir,
See the gentle shepherd's kneeling,
Heralding a world's desire.
Hush! A gentle mother's praying
In a manger mean and low;
Tenderly she clasps her dear one,
Loathe to let the people know.
Halt ye hords of pomp and passion,
Softly step ye marching men,
Into sheaths your swords assetting,
Standing still to breathe Amen.
Look! Once more the heaven's are opening.
Can't you hear the angel's sing
"Peace on earth good-will towards men
And glory to our New-Born King."

THE CROSS

—:—

Saviour, at thy cross we are still are kneeling,
Praying for a world of sin and shame;
In our souls the sense of fatal feeling
That somehow we thy children are to blame.
Faintly falls our footsteps on the morrow,
Dimly burns the light that bright should shine;
In our hearts no healing balm for sorrow,
Veiling every thought of truth divine.
Yet beyond the cross the dawn is breaking,
In our eyes there gleams a light sublime;
And to our souls another world is waking,
Reaching forth beyond this world of time.
For Christ has conquered death and He, our Saviour,
Shall lead us safely through our darkest night;
Beyond the tomb, beyond all earthly favour,
Our souls shall soar to realms of lasting light.

A PRAYER

—:—

Almighty God in this our hour of need,
Help us to work whilst waiting for the hour,
When right shall conquer wrong and in Thy power
Hurt hearts are healed—for this we intercede.

Almighty God attune our wills to thine,
Help us to suppress each way-ward sigh,
Help us to do the little things that near us lie
That thus Thy purpose be fulfilled in us.

Almighty God to thee we leave our dying and our dead,
The suffering and sorrowing to Thy care,
Bind broken hearts lead firmly those who tread,
On unknown paths, perchance in due despair.

Almighty God we pray that wars may cease,
That seeking souls at last the truth may see,
And seeing turn to Thee Almighty God,
For only Thou canst give this worn-world a lasting peace.

HOMELAND

—:—

Far, far from her shores I have wandered away,
Facing fair lands of my dreams of a day
When fortune would woo me—though fickle she be—
Where new scenes would soothe me and space set me free.

Refrain:

Scotland, my homeland, far over the sea
Voices of loved ones are calling for me;
Soft winds that sigh o'er the crest of the foam
Are wafting me back to my dear Scottish home.

Far from her mountains my feet long have strayed,
Seeking fresh pastures with hope unallayed,
Yet when waves o'er the spaces sing softly I sigh
With the hope I may see her before that I die.

Fair land of adoption, thy prairies I praise,
The sun on the snow-drifts, thy sweet summer days;
Sure land of promise, wide spaces galore,
Would I love you less, loved I not Scotland more?

DENNIS DEAR

—:—

The deep dark shades of autumn now are creeping,
Along the garden wall, where first we met.
The shadows through the branches, still are peeping
In sympathy with scenes I can't forget.
When all the world was glad and lovers' meeting
Held nought of sorrow, sin or vain regret.
Dear heart return and end this night of weeping,
O Dennis Dear my heart lives with you yet.

Refrain:

O Dennis Dear for you my heart is aching,
Long, long the day, the night so dark and drear,
O tell me, dear, the dawn will soon be breaking,
To bring you back to me your cushla dear.

O Dennis Dear, once more the sun is sinking,
Behind the hills we climbed so long ago.
Where, arm in arm, we wandered deeply drinking
The lave of love that only sweethearts know.
Around the bend the alien ships are sailing,
With sorrowing sight I see them cross the bay.
But, dear, my eye's shall gleam again when hailing
Your ship safe home in Erin's Isle to stay.

SUMMER TIME

—:—

Summer time, full summer time,
Summer time with blossoms rare;
Every plot and window box
Is bursting with its ample share;
Every lane and hidden nook,
Every garden in its prime,
Come, enjoy full nature's store
God's great gift of summer time.

Summer time, gay summer time,
Summer time with roses red;
Rich their tints and fragrance sweet
On all alike their beauty shed.
Every hedge and bush and tree
Sighing 'neath their load of bloom,
Come enjoy sweet summer time
E'er it pass away—too soon.

MY SONG

—:—

I'm burning just to sing to-day
A song of love—a theme so grand,
That all the world would join with me
And sing this song at my command.

I'm burning just to sing to-day
Of God's great love, that hearts may rise
Above the squalor and the mire,
To find the beauty of the skies.

I'm burning just to sing to-day
A song of hope, by truth inspired,
That all the world might hope with me,
And hope give all what they desired.

MAKE-BELIEVE

—:—

When fortune is fickle and day-dreams
Have vanished far into the night,
And all that you sigh for is slipping,
And naught you do ever seems right.

Chorus:

Just jingle the coins in your pocket,
Just make-believe you have a lot,
Just jingle the coins in your pocket,
Just as well to believe it as not.

O don't wear your heart on your coat-sleeve,
Don't falter its everyone's fight,
The world's in a whirl and believe me
Worrying won't make wrong things right.

MY SWEETHEART

—:—

Oftimes I hear a voice calling,
Out from the length of the years,
Soothing my senses and seeming
To scatter my doubts and my fears.

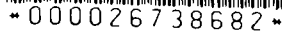
Chorus:

Somewhere a sweetheart is waiting,
Somewhere a heart that beats true,
Calls to me over life's tumult
My dear can it really be you.

Somehow I feel a form near me,
Stirring my soul from it's slough,
Singing sweet songs of sweet memories
Merging the old with the new.

Somewhere a sweetheart is singing,
A song that is tender and true,
Joy to my heavy heart bringing,
My dear, can it really be you.

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**Evans Printing Co.
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